

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature.

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## POETRY.

### The Poet's Realm.

Silence hath mysteries which we dream not of;  
What is it, but the memory of sound?  
Deep in its chambers, hidden far away,  
We know each song a separate place hath found.  
Deem you the music dead? It echoes down  
The thought-hedged ways were listening memory  
treads.  
Pure silence is one web of many songs;  
Like some fair fabric woven of many threads.

The stars in silence turn, yet in their course  
Make rhythmic music for the universe.  
We say the flowers grow silently. They sing  
Sweet songs of love and beauty where they spring.  
The beauty of the summer quiet night  
To thee the clouds are glorious symphonies,  
Is haunted yet by tender whispering  
Of music that hath been, and taken flight.

O, poet! thine the finer sense that hears  
The music all unheard by other ears;  
Thou gatherest music from the silence deep,  
And hearest it in dreams, while others sleep.  
To thee the clouds are glorious symphonies,  
The sunlight's flooding gold, the shadows deep,  
Are songs in minor and in major keys.

O, poet! sing for us of diller ears  
The voiceless melodies thy spirit hears;  
Catch from all nature the deep undertone  
Of music that is long and true alone.  
Interpret for us all that nature sings  
In silence; how the flutter of swift wings  
Of angels make the silence rich in song.  
—A. P. Guyer.

## STORY TELLER.

### MAGNIFICENT MISS STANLEY.

It was a pretty scene. Tall forest trees with shining foliage, green hedges and lawn, and a large pond covered with rustic bridges and fantastic ornaments. A young girl sat in a half reclining posture upon the grass, watching the gold fish as they appeared from time to time upon the surface of the water. She was not pretty, but there was something very piquant and pleasing in the expression of her face which was unusually serious for one so young. The day was warm and sultry, and she was just sinking into a quiet slumber when a little dog sprang towards her, barking shrilly.

"Why, you horrid thing!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if your master is as homely as you are."

"You can judge for yourself, miss," said a voice close beside her; and springing to her feet she was confronted by a tall, good-natured looking man, who, altho' not very handsome, was by no means very homely either.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked, as she stood staring at him in utter amazement.

"I think you are very bold to intrude in this way," she said at last, making a very palpable effort to be dignified and indignant.

"Intrude? Now that is pretty cool, considering that I am on my own ground."

"Are you Mr. Gresham?"

"I had no doubt of it until this moment. Are you Miss Stanley?"

"Oh, my! no—what an idea! I am only Miss Stanley's cousin. I will go and tell her that you have returned."

"No, don't! I have seen my aunt, and that is enough. Sit down again, if you please."

"But we have not been introduced!"

"Yes, we have; we have introduced ourselves; and that is a great deal pleasanter than to have some one say: 'Mr. Gresham, let me present you to Miss—'"

"No, no; Miss Stanley would say: 'Mr. Gresham, this is my little cousin,' and she drew herself up in a stately manner and spoke very slowly and precisely."

He laughed, and said: "But you have not told me your name yet?"

"Amy Gladden, at your pleasure."

"That is a very pretty name for a young lady."

"But I am not a young lady."

"Not a young lady?" he repeated, with a look of surprise and disappointment in his face. "You are not married, I hope?"

"Oh, dear, no—but I am only a little girl!"

"A little girl?"

"Yes. How can I be anything else when I have three unmarried sisters older than myself?" she asked, in an aggrieved tone, which made him laugh heartily.

"True enough," he said at last; "but how is it that your sisters are still unmarried? They can not be as pretty as you are."

"Pretty as I am, Mr. Gresham? I am the fright of the family."

"Indeed! Then if you are the fright, I should like to see the beauties. They must be paragons."

"O, Mariah is lovely!" she said, glancing at the head before him, crowned with bands of shining chestnut-colored hair.

"And the loveliest blue eyes!"

"I prefer brown," he said again, looking straight into the soft, liquid eyes of his companion.

"And she is so tall and elegant!"

"I like little women best."

"You are just trying to flatter! You know that I am as homely as—"

"Pshaw!" she cried, impatiently; "My dog?" and then he laughed again.

"How you do laugh! What makes you laugh so much?"

"Because I am young, I suppose. And I wish that you would laugh also! he said, growing serious all at once. "It pains me to see you look so grave."

"If you were a poor minister's daughter, with five sisters, I think you would look grave, too. But I do laugh sometimes, just when I ought not to. If there is anything absurd that should be passed by unnoticed, I am sure to see it and laugh."

"You have a keen sense of the ridiculous!"

"I suppose so, and it is really dreadful! I think it is a great misfortune."

"If you were a writer, you would probably find it an advantage."

"But I am not a writer, thank fortune."

"Why thank fortune?"

"Because my sister Julia writes, and she is always tormenting me to listen to her articles—'outpourings of genius' she calls them—and I wish her genius would cease outpouring."

"Don't you like to read?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! but I don't like to listen when other people read: I get so impatient."

"I am sorry."

"Why?"

"Because I imagined myself spending many a pleasant hour by your side, reading aloud to you, while you embroidered, knit or sketched."

"But I never embroider, knit or sketch."

"You do not?"

"No; my sister Emma embroiders and Mary sketches. There is not a cow in our neighborhood that has not posed for her. And Emma has made six big, historical pictures in worsted. Oh, it is fearful to think of it."

"Hain't she lost flesh?"

"Oh, no; she gains it, and that is her cross in life. But you can read to Miss Stanley."

"Hang Miss Stanley!"

"That is not polite. Have you ever seen her?"

"No, and I do not want to. I asked aunt to have any young ladies here. Oh, beg pardon! But then you are a little girl."

"Yes. I am just seventeen."

"Well, I think we can manage to have some gay times together, in spite of Miss Stanley."

You will not want to look at me after you have seen her."

"Why? Is she gorgeous?"

"Awfully! fearfully! She is nearly six feet tall; and when she wears her crimson velvet dress, you'll think of Cleopatra and Lucretia Borgia."

"That is not a flattering comparison."

"Oh, I mean an appearance merely; because Miss Stanley is as good as she is handsome. She is so admirable in every way that it makes me feel tired. I like people to be wicked once in a while—don't you?"

"Yes, it makes more variety, of course."

"You will admire her beyond words to express! Everybody does. When she comes into a room, it seems as if she filled every portion of it. I never see any one else."

"She never would prevent me from seeing you."

"You have not been tried yet."

"I prefer violets to sunflowers."

"Oh! don't compare her to a great sunflower! They are ugly, even if they are æsthetic. Call her a dahlia."

"I detest dahlias."

"Well, wait and see, and, turning suddenly away, she ran like a deer over the lawn."

Walter Gresham had just returned from a long European tour. He was 24 years old; and, his parents being dead, he was now monarch of all he surveyed—that is, in his immediate neighborhood. An aunt had occupied his elegant home during his absence, and he had given her permission to live as gayly as she pleased, only requesting her not to have any fashionable young ladies there when he returned.

But Mrs. Simcox was an inveterate match-maker, and she imagined that Miss Emma Stanley was the one woman to make him happy.

Certainly, if regal magnificence could satisfy a man, Walter Gresham ought to have been perfectly satisfied.

It seemed as if that imposing word had been especially coined for her. She was magnificent in beauty, toilets and self-conceit—the last particularly. There was something absolutely sublime in Emma Stanley's egotism. It never deserted her. Nothing could change or modify it. The rude and ill bred might amuse themselves in the most unblushing manner at her expense, and she in her superb unconsciousness would never know it. The fear of rivals did not and could not disturb her, and the idea of little Amy Gladden ever appearing in that character was too absurd to be entertained for a moment. When Mrs. Simcox suggested the propriety of marrying Walter Gresham, she assented very graciously. She was 25 years old, and felt that perhaps it would be as well to establish herself now in life. Walter was a little younger; but then he was agreeable, cultivated and rich. His estate was old if he were not. Of course he would have no objections. That was a contingency of which she never dreamed. And when Walter was introduced he was so "completely stunned," as he told Amy afterward, that Miss Stanley was convinced that had made a great impression upon him.

"But your description was not quite correct," he said to her cousin. "She did not fill all space. I saw you in spite of her; and really, Miss Amy, it was a great relief."

"Why?" the latter asked.

"Because you made me think of calm, pure moonlight, after the heat and glitter of a hot summer day."

"You certainly think her handsome?"

"Wonderful! stupendous! terrible! How you do talk! Just wait a while, and you will be as eager as all the others are to carry her shawl and fan and bouquet. I know how you will be."

"Are they all so eager?"

"Yes, of course. Didn't you know it? They are all crazy about her. She is receiving offers all the time. I think it was twenty she had last year."

"Oh, now, Miss Amy, isn't that a little—just a little, you know—"

"It is the solemn truth. She is as rich as wise and handsome, and money does add such a lustre to beauty."

"You call yourself a little girl; but that did not sound at all like a little girl."

"Well, hard experience has taught me a good deal; and I do not blame people for liking money."

"It must be very uncomfortable to live without it."

"It is perfectly awful! I had rather be rich than anything else in this world."

"Do not say that!"

"It is the truth."

"Would you marry a man you did not like, just because he could give you money?"

"I do not know—I have never been tried."

"You would not do it, I know. Money does not always bring happiness."

"It brings an immense amount of comfort, anyway. But Mrs. Simcox is calling us."

An humble person than Miss Stanley would hardly have been satisfied with Walter Gresham's manner toward her. He was evidently impressed, but whether the impression was favorable or not was somewhat uncertain. She attributed his reserve to diffidence, and rather admired it as something desirable in a young man. And when he sought Amy's side and talked with her so unreservedly (as it appeared) she thought he did it out of pure kindness, and appreciated him all the more. Fortunately she did not hear their remarks in regard to herself, and when she saw them together so often afterward she still ascribed it to his genuine good nature, and felt no uneasiness whatever.

Mrs. Simcox, however, did not feel quite so well satisfied, and concluded to speak to Miss Stanley in regard to the growing intimacy between the young people.

"Emma," she said, "Walter and Amy are together a great deal of the time."

"Oh, yes," she replied, calmly, "it is very kind in him to amuse the child as he does. He must be very fond of little girls."

"Seems to be fond of this little girl, at any rate. I would send her home, if I were in your place."

"Why should I send her home? Do you dislike the child? Does she annoy you?"

"Certainly not. I like her very much."

"I have always been fond of Amy. She is so quiet and inoffensive. She seems very happy here, and her own home is crowded. I pity the child."

"I was not thinking of myself at all, for I like to flatter her. Here she is a good girl, obliging and pleasant; but she seems a little too attractive. Walter is evidently very much pleased with her."

"She doubtless amuses him. She is truly unsophisticated, and really quite original in her ideas."

"And you are not afraid—"

"Afraid? What should I be afraid of?"

"Well, perhaps I am unnecessarily alarmed; but I had quite set my heart upon seeing you the mistress here, Emma."

"I have seen no reason as yet to change my mind in regard to that arrangement. Walter is rather young, but he is manly and dignified."

"Amy thinks so."

"She has very good judgment, altho' her experience is of course limited."

And Mrs. Simcox left her in despair.

Soon after this, Walter was taken sick with slow fever, and almost immediately afterward Amy received a message from home desiring her speedily return. She was obliged to go without bidding the sick man good-bye, and she carried away a very sad heart in consequence.

Miss Stanley was a splendid nurse, and she devoted herself unremittingly to the patient; but he longed for a sight at Amy's piquant face and girlish figure. He was very much in love, and his perfect consciousness of the fact prevented his making any inquiries regarding her.

At length, however, he could contain himself no longer; and one day, when Miss Stanley's splendidly-developed figure was turned away from him, he asked:

"Where is Miss Gladden? Is she well?"

"Oh, yes, but she had to go home. They sent for her. But I want to thank you for all the notice you took of the little girl. It was very kind in you to do it."

"You give me more credit for unselfishness than I deserve. Miss Amy is a delightful companion."

"Yes, her *nativité* is very amusing. She has lived in the country all her life, poor child, and knows very little of the ways of the world."

"Perhaps that is what makes her so charming."

"She has a great deal to learn, and I hope to have her with me again before long. She can not have any proper advantages where she is, and her mind and manners both need cultivation."

He said no more then; but he grew very impatient to be up and about again, and as soon as he was able to leave the house he announced his intention of going away for a few days, the whither they could not find out.

Amy Gladden was seated one morning in a little rustic arbor, near her father's house, looking even more serious than usual, when she heard a familiar voice pronounce her name in eager, questioning tones. Raising her head quickly, she saw Walter Gresham standing before her, looking very pale and thin, but with a glad, happy light in his eyes.

"Oh, Walter!" she exclaimed involuntarily, springing from her seat.

"Are you glad to see me, Amy?" he asked, watching with a happy smile the bright blushes come and go in her cheek.

"Yes," she said; "but you look so tired and pale. Sit down at once; and she made him take a seat.

"Are you quite well?"

"Oh, yes. And you—are you happy?"

"I am—just now," she answered frankly, blushing again as she saw the beaming look come into his face.

"You blessed little darling!" he cried, throwing his arm around her waist.

"Oh! but you mustn't do that!" she said; although she certainly looked more pleased than angry.

"Yet, I shall—for I love you, my darling, and I am going to—"

here Amy's face was completely covered for several seconds. "Oh, Amy," he said suddenly, "you do not think money is the most desirable thing in the world now?—I do not love a great deal better?"

"Do you want me to tell you that I am sorry you are rich, Walter? I cannot do that. I love you dearly, dearly, with my whole heart; but I am just as glad as I can be that you are not a poor man."

"What a frank little thing you are,

Amy! And of course you are; I know I should not be contented without money, and it makes me very happy to think that I can surround you with luxuries."

"I have always longed for nice things, but I never dreamed that I should have them. Oh, Walter, I am so glad that it is you who will give them to me!"

"I would like to see any other man dare to do it!"

"How strange that you should prefer me to Miss Stanley!"

"Strange? It seems the most natural thing in the world to me, Amy. I told you I liked little women the best."

"There is a good deal of Emma."

"She makes me think of the Sphinx."

"Now, Walter, dear, you must not laugh at her, because she is very good and kind to me."

"I know it, Amy; and she has been very devoted to me, too. But your father, my darling; he will not object to this arrangement, will he?"

"He will be greatly relieved to have one daughter disposed of."

Here Walter burst into a hearty laugh, in which she soon joined, altho' she could not see anything very funny in what she had said.

Her father gave his consent, and they were soon very happy.

He remained a week, and upon his return, going straight to his aunt, with a face fairly radiant with happiness, he said:

"Congratulate me, aunt!"

"Congratulate you? What for? Has Em—"

"Amy has promised to be my wife."

"What is that? Amy? Are you crazy?"

"Crazy? No, I am as sane as you are."

"Did you say that you intended to marry that child?"

"That child will be 18 in December, and we shall be married on her birthday."

"But Em—Miss Stanley," Mrs. Simcox inquired, in a dazed, bewildered way. "What will she say?"

Then Walter looked somewhat bewildered also—that is, for a few moments. But he began to laugh immediately afterward, and said:

"I do not know what Miss Stanley has to do with it. She is not my mother, or guardian, or maiden aunt, or—"

"But I think she expected—"

"Expected what?"

"She has been so attentive."

"Well, I certainly am very much obliged to her for her attentions."

"Think how she nursed you!"

"Yes, she was awfully kind."

"I think some explanation—"

"Aunt Ellen, what do you mean?"

"Walter, are you really so obtuse?"

"Why don't you speak out then?"

"It is such a delicate matter."

"Hang the delicacy! Do you mean that she expected I would want to marry her?"

"Well, yes, I think—indeed I am quite sure—that she did."

"I am very sorry, then, that I can not oblige her, and I will go at once and tell her of my engagement."

"No, indeed! It will be better for me to do it," and she started at once to fulfill the dreadful duty.

She found Miss Stanley looking very imposing and elegant in a scarlet satin wrapper. After talking a while upon indifferent subjects, Mrs. Simcox said:

"Do you know what Walter went away for?"

"He went on some business, I suppose."

"He went to see Amy."

"Did he? Just like his kind heart."

"It was not kindness at all; it was love."

"I do not understand you."

"He is engaged to Amy and they are to be married in December."

"For the first time in her life, perhaps, Miss Stanley looked surprised! More than that, she looked astounded. But soon recovering her usual admirable composure, she said:

"I hope he will be happy with the child. She is very young and inexperienced, but she is a good little girl. It is an excellent thing for the family, as they are very needy."

"Well, I must say that I feel greatly disappointed!"

"You need not be. Amy is very quick to learn; and, with only a few hints, she will fulfill her duties here very gracefully!" and Miss Stanley resumed her embroidery, with a gracious smile, as if everything had transpired according to her fondest wishes.

As Mrs. Simcox went back to her own room she thought to herself:

"It is just as well; so superior a person would not be likely to suit Walter."

Miss Stanley's manner toward that young gentleman was the very perfection of stately grace and urbanity; and when the marriage took place Amy received no handsomer present than the costly diamonds bestowed by her benignly-smiling cousin.

After they had been married a year or two, Walter came into his wife's room one day and said:

"Amy, I have some news for you."

"Oh, tell me, quick!" she exclaimed; "what is it?"

"Miss Stanley is engaged to an English nobleman."

"Oh, that is splendid! What a sensation she will make!"

"I hear that he is a very fine man."

"He ought to be. I hope that he is handsome and good and intelligent, for certainly no common man should ever marry our magnificent Miss Stanley!"

### Palm Paper.

The dwarf palm, or palmetto, which grows wild on the hillsides of Algeria, is now being used for manufacturing paper. The fibre is remarkably strong, and every part, from the stalk to the topmost leaves yield fibre. The plants are placed in a kind of cage, which is immersed in a boiler filled with a special lye, and heated. The fibre can then be separated from the softened skin and tissues. After being washed, rolled and combed repeatedly, according to the fineness of quality required, the fibre is at last steeped in pure water, and made into bundles for transport. The vegetable hair thus made is finer than any other known, and readily takes all dyes without requiring to be bleached. As the whole of the tannin is not extracted from the fibre in the above process it does not readily decay, while it is at the same time aromatic and antiseptic in its nature.

### The Bad Boy's Father.

George Peck, the father of the "bad boy," was in New York a few days ago. In the past few years Peck has become one of the most successful of professional humorists. His income is said to be nearly \$25,000 a year. In 1871 he was a reporter on the New York Herald, "several hundred dollars worse off than when he was dead broke." He left New York with a resolve "never to come back until he had accumulated \$13." Peck originated and grew up in Wisconsin. With "Brick" Pomroy he went to New York to start a Democratic paper. He was fortunate, losing but \$2,000—all he had, however. After reporting on the Herald a short time he returned to Wisconsin, and, locating at La Crosse, started Peck's Sun, which has brought rays of brightness to many households on dark and gloomy days. Five years ago he removed to Milwaukee, and there he has met with continued success. A friend to him told me, a few days ago, that he owned the whole town. That is perfectly natural. It's a way we editors have. The Sun consists mostly of real and sparkling wit and humor. Peck did nearly all the editorial work himself. His expenses are light and profits large. The humorist is about 40 years of age, heavy set, and wears an immense imperial. He has fitted up an elegant office, and has a beautiful home. He is very popular, and especially so with the ragged newboys. Not long ago he gave several hundred of them a banquet, and they in turn presented him with a pair of diamond cuff-buttons.

### What's in a Leap Year?

"This leap year business is all humbug," broke in the statistical editor, "and ought to be buried with thirteen at table, William Tell and George Washington's hatchet. I tell you, my boy, State Street has more to do with the marriage crop than any year that you can divide with four, and these little stock-tickers knock your Cupid's bows and arrows into the middle of the next centennial. All this flim-flam-guider (the statistical editor has traveled) about love making the world go round looks very pretty on the stage and reads very well in the weeklies, but when times are dull and money tight, I take notice that he doesn't do much to make anything go round except d



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1884.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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In Newark, N. J., a well organized plan for securing funds in aid of the Gallaudet Memorial, has been wrought out by Mr. John Bennett. Those who were present at the meeting held for the purpose of considering the matter, pledged themselves to contribute so much per month. Without doubt this is a guarantee of quite a large sum ere the centennial year of Gallaudet's birth has been reached. Other societies and organizations should do likewise. Individuals, also, by a little self-denial, could do quite an amount of good. The inveterate smoker might dispense with his regular cigar on stated days, and donate the amount to saved to the fund; the tobacco chewer might chew one paper less of "fine cut" per week and hand the extra few cents to Treasurer Weeks; the beer guzzler and whiskey drinker could help himself and the fund at the same time, if he would "swear off" altogether, and give only a third of his savings into the treasury. All deaf-mutes can and should do something to help along so praiseworthy a project. We would suggest, as a means of agitating the matter and placing it before the deaf-mute public in its proper light, that meetings be called in every community wherein ten or more deaf-mutes reside, to discuss the project in all its bearings. Let some of our educated mates—those who are indebted to Gallaudet for the system by which they have acquired knowledge and enlightenment—set a good example by stepping forward to shield his memory from neglect.

The following letter was sent to Rev. Charles A. Stoddard, D.D., of New York City, as trustee of the fund for giving bibles to children who commit to memory the catechism. It is a touching tribute to the goodness and purity of heart of a little deaf and dumb girl, manifested under adverse circumstances. We wonder how many of the little daughters of our readers possess a bible which has been earned in such a praiseworthy manner.

"SALINEVILLE, Ohio, Feb. 13, 1884.  
"DEAR SIR:—There is a deaf and dumb girl here, the child of ungodly parents and an orphan, that has committed the catechism, and then, without the book, sat down and written them off. She does not know how to read, but she has them quite well. She has done it hoping to get a bible. Can you, by your rules, allow it to her. I do not wish you to violate any of your rules; but if you can give it to her, it will bless her greatly.  
"J. NISBET WILSON,  
"Pastor of Pres. Church,  
"Salineville, Ohio."

A colored deaf and dumb man claiming to be Harvey P. Peet, Jr., by name, was circulating among the boys during the past week. He was here once before several years ago. He has since lost one of his arms, as he claims in war with the natives in Southern Africa. He says he was educated in the schools of Bath, England, and in the New York Institution. Does any one know anything about him?—Vis-a-Vis.

The mute referred to was born in Africa, was baptized by a missionary, and sent to England to be educated. He was never a pupil at the New York Institution. He was named Harvey P. Peet, Jr., as a recognition of what Dr. Peet had done for the deaf and dumb. People of African descent have a weakness for illustrious names. There are scores of colored George Washingtons, Henry Clays, Abraham Lincolns, etc., who have in no wise affected the fame of their illustrious namesakes, and it is hardly likely that this man will in any way do injury to the memory of the celebrated deaf-mute educator whose name he bears.

We have received the Report of the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb of New Jersey. There are sixty-eight pupils in attendance. The system of instruction practiced is the "Combined System." The Superintendent, in his report, says: "One party advocates the teaching of speech to all the deaf; others would, in some cases, teach written language only, excluding the signs; while another class, including the majority of

American teachers of deaf-mutes, would teach articulate speech only in exceptional cases, and make free use of the sign or gesture language of the deaf-mutes in explaining to them the written language of their daily lessons. The course which, with the approval of the Board, I have laid out for the school under my charge, is one planned in recognition of what I consider to be the fact, that the respective merits of these different systems is still unsettled." It is also suggested that three years be added to the term of schooling now allowed by the State. The report earnestly advocates the teaching of trades to the pupils, as a means of making deaf-mutes "producers instead of consumers—a benefit to the community instead of a burden upon it."

## ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

A dumb-belle—A mute beauty.—*Printer's Gazette*.

W. W. Miles, of North Indianapolis, was in Cincinnati, O., viewing the flood, and leaped the Ohio River into Kentucky on February 18th.

John McGuinness, of Worcester, spent three weeks of a vacation with near relatives in Quincy, Mass., and had a very nice time. He returned home Tuesday evening, February 19th. He went through the streets of Boston and saw the military on Water St.

Mr. Clontz, the foreman of the shoe shop at the institution for the deaf and dumb and the blind, has sent shoes made by the deaf-mutes to New York and to all parts of the State. Some of the work done is excellent. Brooms of good quality are made.—*News and Observer, Raleigh, N. C.*

Mrs. Sarah Bennett, nee Sarah Allen, a graduate of the American Asylum, would like to know where her old classmate Almira Pengh is, or whether she is living yet. She lived in Georgia when she attended school. Will some one please find out. Mrs. John Bennett's address is Orange, Essex Co., N. J.

Charles O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y., has been spending a week in New York City. He condemns the depravity of the metropolis, and mourns the loss of a fine silk umbrella. He says he stood it up against a chair while lighting a cigar in a Broadway hotel, and when he turned around it was gone.

That fellow in New Jersey, styling himself John Jacobs, and claiming to be a cousin of Harry White, of Boston, is evident sailing under false colors, as no deaf-mute of that name is known in the Hub, and Mr. White has no deaf and dumb relations living and never had, as far as he is aware.

On the 22d of February, while Stephen Sinclair was in the act of crossing the street near Union Square, he saw a child in great danger of being run over. He bravely dashed to the rescue, and saved the child. No accident happened to Stephen, though he found it a hard job bringing the child to the other side of the street amid the many passing vehicles.

Dr. Eugene Alexander Houston, the theoretical virtuoso of Yonkers, New York, who is likewise a steady nerved surgeon, a facile newspaper scriber, a genial comrade and a thorough gentleman, has been presented by the Fourth Separate Company, N. G. S. N. Y., with a superb gold badge, valued at fifty dollars. The fortunate and deserving recipient was for several years first lieutenant of the command which has so gracefully honored him.—*New York Daily News, Feb. 21, 1884.*

The good ship Twilight Union was chartered for two years voyage on the placid waters of the Deaf-Mute Society with a cargo of Gotham's choicest social spirits, and finding the cruise so successful and pleasant, above all the kindness and attention shown to the Society by the other social lights at whatever port we put into, induced a postponement of the return voyage until another year. In the course of time, the term of office of the first president of the above society having expired, and declining a re-election, we had to look out for the next best man with executive ability and experience to fill the vacant place—a somewhat difficult matter—but midshipman McClelland, with his manly bearing and good looks, was the most popular candidate among the fair members of the society, and, as a matter of course, was elevated to the presidency, but the steering and management of the craft was entrusted to more experienced and ancient mariners. There was no mysterious or jealous feeling among the crew, from the chief officer down to the chief bottle washer. On the contrary, the most cordial good fellowship existed throughout the entire voyage, hence there was no necessity to scuttle the ship and send it for-ward to the fathomless bottom. Apollo McClelland's term of office having long ago expired, there was nothing more for him to do but retire and the classic shades of his rural retreat.

The new famous barque lies serenely bobbing up and down at its moorings, overlaid with the honors of the many social triumphs. She is quite as staunch and seaworthy as ever, and ready at a moment's notice for another long cruise of conquest on the high seas of deaf-mute society. Will Mr. "Henry P." please consider himself corrected.—*Jersey Chap.*

### HE CLOSED THE DOOR.

Supt. Mosk, of the Bome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad, was sitting in his office in Watertown one day not long since, when a mild appearing individual shuffled in and handed him a dirty piece of paper, on which was written a request for a free pass, stating that the writer was deaf and dumb and impecunious.

Mr. Mosk, in writing, requested his visitor to be seated, as he was very busy; but would talk with him in a few minutes.

The visitor obeyed, while the wily superintendent pretended to be writing a letter.

Suddenly he turned round, and, in an ordinary tone of voice, asked his deaf and dumb applicant to close the door, whereupon that individual sprang from his seat and walked half the way to it before he recollected that he was deaf and dumb. He paused in the centre of the room in a bewildered, uncertain manner, until the superintendent, in a voice of thunder, told him to "Clear Out!"

And he did not forgetting to close the door between him and the angry superintendent.

William Schoulberger, of Richmond, Va., has probably gone to Baltimore to look for work.

Peter Witschiet, of Port Jervis, N. Y., wants some of our farmer readers to give a recipe for removing vermin from cattle.

J. H. Heeke, of Richmond, Va., was presented with a handsome gold watch by his father, on Christmas day. He was a classmate of Thomas Healy, of Buffalo, N. Y., who died a few weeks ago.

Henry Leek, father of Leverett G. Leek, of New Haven, Ct., died on the 29th of December, aged 83 years and 9 months. He was buried at Whitneyville, Ct., about three miles from New Haven.

Mr. Henry W. Davis, of Milton, Mass., died on the 22d of this month, aged forty-three. The cause of this death was blood poisoning. [We presume it is George W. Davis, a brother of Henry H. Davis.—Ed.]

John M. Arnot, of Lake Valley, Ind., who recently suffered a heavy loss by fire, would like to hear, through the JOURNAL, where his old schoolmate, Mr. James E. Eldred, is, and what he is doing, and also what has become of Mr. Simon Taylor.

Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, O., will hold a service at the residence of Mr. Collins Stone Sawhill, on the 15th of March, at half past seven o'clock p.m. Deaf-mutes of Wilkinsburg, Turtle Creek, Homestead, and other towns near Bradock, Pa., are respectfully invited to attend.

Collins Stone Sawhill made some beautiful presents to his wife last Friday, the 22d, for her birthday: One dozen fruit plates, some glassware, and gold ring engraved "Birthday, Feb. 22, '84." Mr. S. was surprised to see them in the morning while Collins worked in the mill from twelve to eight o'clock turn.

The professor of aesthetics in the University of Munich is said to be proverbially dull as a lecturer. His audience during the past year, which at first numbered five, gradually dwindled down to one, who, however, made up in close attention for the indifference of his fellows. At the end of the course the Professor approached him and praised him for those admirable qualities, and proceeded to inquire of him, "What is your name, my young friend?" No answer. "What country are you from?" Absolute silence. The matter was soon elucidated, for it was discovered that the patient and persevering disciple was a poor deaf-mute who had taken refuge from the severe cold of winter in the warm lecture rooms of the university.—*Baltimore Day.*

At the Buford House in Charlotte, N. C., the other day, it was necessary to waken a deaf and dumb couple at 3 o'clock in the morning, that they might depart by an early train. Howls and knockings were, of course, unheeded, and finally a negro was hoisted to the door-top, and putting his head and shoulders through the transom he struck a match. As he did so one of the porters asked, "Do you see him?" but without replying the little darkey began kicking, lustily yelling, "Lemme down, lemme down, I tell you!" The flash of his match had awakened the man, who, thinking that somebody was trying to break in on him, reached under his pillow and drew a long revolver on the innocent little negro. He had cocked the revolver, and was taking aim just as the darkey's head disappeared from the transom.—*Baltimore Day.*

Miss Laura A. Bartels was the recipient of a surprise party at the residence of her parents, in Oakland, California, on the evening of December 31st, 1883. The surprise party assembled at the Central Railroad Depot, Oakland, and in a body marched to the home of Miss Bartels, heavily laden with packages containing delicious refreshments. Innocent games and dancing caused the hours to pass rapidly until half past ten o'clock, when supper having been laid in an adjoining room, the company sat down and did ample justice to the attractive viands, after which amusements resumed till the old year "died," and all regretted the arrival of the hour when it became necessary to part. The following is a list of those who were present: Mr. and Mrs. Crandall and three daughters; Mr. and Mrs. Craig; Mr. and Mrs. Ballard; Mr. and Mrs. Williams; Misses Hard, Leonard, Reynolds (the latter recently from Indiana), and Boesler; Messrs. Shattuck, McCabe, Wood, Winslow, Schlamm, D'Estrella, and Jas. C. Harlan of Woodland. The latter having been visiting his friends in San Francisco and Oakland ten days, and returned home to Woodland to resume work in the auditor's office.

### Salmon Crossett.

(An extract from an historical address recently read before the Asylum, Hill Congregational Church, at Hartford, Conn., by Dr. G. O. Fay.)

Salmon Crossett, a name, except at the American Asylum, scarcely known by us, and borne by one whose face was known scarcely more, recalls to our thought a man who upon Christmas morning appeared at Jesus' feet laden with trophies nobler than are ordinarily allowed to dying saints. He had been deaf from the age of seven, and, although he retained the full use of speech mentally and orally, he was therefore classed with deaf-mutes and shared their limited life.

He read widely, but especially the word of God. Christian worship and the Holy Communion were his chief delight. He was contented to be obscure, and a grace rarely possessed, he performed obscure duties, not less than those more important, thoroughly and without evasion or disgust. He led a life active, arduous, discreet, uncomplaining. His most familiar friend was God, his Maker. In nature he saw consciously and delighted his Heavenly Father's will, and in men mainly their Maker's image, though sadly marred. He loved to make men better for the Maker's sake. Entirely poor himself, he gave without ostentation or mention nearly all the earnings of his daily toil for the relief of those more destitute than himself. His in spirit was the charity of the widow in the temple, while in fact its actual amount classed him with our larger givers.

He met his untimely death in his sixtieth year, with exalted hope and perfect composure. His was a shadowed yet stalwart life, an endless conflict with conditions grievously strained. Yet he was enabled to accomplish an extent, a duration, and a degree of usefulness among deaf-mutes, which few men ever reach in any sphere.

"Victory won, duty done," he has received his full discharge and gained his full reward.

### New Jersey.

Mr. Craft, of our city, will move to Delaware this spring. He is the owner of a fine farm there. He has been renting it out to a farmer. As he is tired of city life, he will try farming. He claims that his farm is the finest in his section of Delaware. He has a great many fruit trees in a fine condition. He will ship all his fruit to market. Mr. Craft is a very saving man. We hope he will get rich on his farm.

Miss Mary L. Bennett, of Orange, will go to Northampton, Mass., to school next fall, as she wants to learn the art of speaking.

Robert F. Bailey will soon have a law suit at court. He intend to sue a gentleman for five thousand dollars damage.

Jacob Gotthaimer is very busy at hatting. His boss has more work than his men are able to do. So Jacob has to work late at night. He is coming money fast.

Miss Mary R. McEntee had a dozen large size pictures taken a few weeks ago. They were taken by one of the best photographers in our city.

Mr. Cornelius DeLory, of Riegelsville, N. J., is a time keeper at the quarry where he is employed. We are glad to hear of his good success, and hope he will be a boss, as he is a very steady workman.

Mr. Henry Riegle, a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution, works with Cornelius. They are often seen together in their town.

Messrs. Robert, Edwin and Henry Heller, C. DeLory and James Nash, are members of the Durham Baseball Club. They won every game last summer by their good playing. They have four hearing and speaking boys that play with them.

Edwin Heller was one time a player with the famous Hudson Base Ball Club at the New York Institution. Robert is captain of the Durham B. B. C. The positions that they occupy, are: R. Heller, catcher; C. DeLory, pitcher; Edward Heller, first base; Henry Heller, third base; James Nash, short stop.

Ex-Supervisor Wm. Gallaudet Bennett, will visit his parents this week. Mr. C. DeLory with Mr. Bennett will visit the New York Institution. Frank Lenox will visit the New York Institution on the 22d of February. He never was in New York. He says he wants to see the largest Institution in the world. We are very glad to hear that Mr. Nash has signed the pledge. We hope he will keep up to it, but we never knew him to use intoxicating drinks.

Mr. John Bennett called a meeting last Thursday evening, February 14th, at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, in Newark, to see if he could raise money for the Gallaudet Fund. He met with success. Many deaf-mutes pledged themselves to give so much every month. If other associations would do the same, they would raise enough money in a short time. We hope that Newark will do their duty. The notice at the meeting was, "We, the undersigned, to show our gratitude to the memory of Thomas H. Gallaudet, our first teacher of the Deaf and Dumb, who has done nobly for us, each agree to pay a certain sum promptly every month for the hundredth anniversary of his birth to aid the Bronze Statue to be erected in 1888, till a notice is given in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL."

The names of those that have pledged are: John Bennett, Sarah Bennett, Mary L. Bennett, R. T. Bailey, Alfred H. Bousfield, William P. Penrose, Peter Housell, John P. Cotter, Thos R. Stewart, Wm. S. Ersinger, Eleanor H. Bousfield, Helen E. Housell, Ressie Bousfield, Charlotte Conklin, George W. H. Van Ness, Mary Somers, Grace Mills, Lizzie Crane, Rebecca McEntee, Josephine Van Pelt, Carrie J. Meiselback.

Charlotte Conklin has arrived home from her visit on Elizabeth, New Jersey. She says she is very much pleased with her visit.

There were twenty-one deaf-mutes at the Young Men's Christian Association hall last Thursday evening. The next meeting of deaf-mutes at the Young Men's Christian Association will be held on the first Thursday in March. Then a committee will be selected to start an association of deaf-mutes. We hope that there will be a good number present. There is no name as yet suggested for the association. We hope they will select a good name. We would like it to be called the Newark Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes.

Miss Mary R. McEntee visited the Misses Finn last Sunday.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Peter Housell is very ill. We hope that she will get well soon.

W. S. Ersinger called on Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett last Thursday afternoon, then went with Mr. Bennett to the association in Newark.

Mrs. Phebe Bowditch, of Northfield, N. J., will attend the deaf-mutes' service in Newark next Sunday.

There is a deaf-mute family at Whippany, Morris Co., N. J. The writer can not learn their names. They are seen in Orange sometimes by the hearing people.

There are twenty-three deaf-mutes in Orange, N. J.

Willie S. Ersinger went into a well-known cigar store in our city, and there was told by the proprietor there stood a deaf-mute. When he was introduced, he cleared out, and Willie is at a loss to tell whether the man was a mute or an impostor now in our city.

The famous tin sign deaf-mute of our city was arrested as a vagrant on Broad St., Newark, and sent to the County Jail.

Messrs. Thomas B. Stewart, Alfred

Bousfield and Peter S. Housell, visited Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett last Friday. Then Stewart and Bousfield called on the Misses Finn.

On Monday, Theodore W. Baldwin, who works in a blacksmith shop on Main Street, near North Jefferson, caused the arrest of Frank Hollman and Edward Peer, the two boys who found the body of Delmonico on the mountain sides, for which they received \$250 each. Baldwin claimed that they annoyed him in various ways. They were tried before Judge Smith, and were released on payment of \$2 each, the costs of the case.

There was no preaching at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, as the day proved too stormy. The subject next Sunday will be "pride."

Mr. Graham will attend the deaf-mutes' service next Sunday. He works in a livery stable in East Orange. He says he will belong to the association in our city when it commences. Mr. Graham said he met Anthony Cannon in Hoboken a short time ago.

Ira Williams has returned from his visit at Stottville, New York. He claimed he had a good time with his son-in-law, Mr. John Ackley. Mr. A. works in a large woolen mill. He has been there a number of years. His nephew is foreman of the mill.

Mr. Cornelius DeLory arrived in Orange on Thursday afternoon. He called on Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett. Then he called on his classmate, Mary Finn. After being there a short time, he went to Newark and made a call on Mary McEntee. Then Miss McEntee with Mr. DeLory called on Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Ward.

Misses Bessie and Ella Bousfield and Emma Vincent called on Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett, on Washington birthday.

Feb. 16. Eros.

### PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

There has been such a scarcity of news in and around the Quaker City that we have been obliged to lay aside our pen and red ink, until the former is absolutely rusty for want of use and the latter has entirely dried up.

Were we a weather prophet, we should long ago have deserted our profession, feeling that we were "a drug in the market," since every one can not fortell the exact state of the weather for each succeeding day without fear of failure. This must be a time of universal rejoicing among umbrella vendors, who were never yet known to complain of the moist state of the weather.

Glancing over the last issue of the JOURNAL we noticed an item stating that "Prof. Cronter's class was now under the charge of Prof. S. T. Walker, of Colorado." This is an error! Prof. C. is still in charge of his old class, but expects to relinquish his duties, as teacher, to Prof. H. S. Hitchcock, as soon as the latter (who has been confined to his room for several months by serious illness) is able to resume the duties of the classroom.

Prof. S. T. Walker, a former teacher in the Illinois Institution, will, we believe, have charge of Prof. Hitchcock's class of boys. Prof. Walker, who has but recently been added to our corps of teachers, is said to be an excellent teacher, having had many years experience in the instruction of the deaf and dumb. He is a pleasant, courteous gentleman, and has already made hosts of friends, both among the pupils and teachers.

It affords us real gratification to state that our honored principal is so far recovered as to be able to resume his official duties, and has also delighted the pupils once or twice by his appearance in chapel during the evening exercises. We are all waiting in the hope that he will soon be so far recovered as to be able to conduct the evening services regularly, as they have have lost much of their interest since his illness.

We hear there was a literary entertainment, given by the members of the Clero Literary Association on the eve of Washington's birthday, but as we were not present, are unable to say whether it was a success or not.

How many valentines did you get, is now the all-important question.

Miss K. Elliot, a charming Washington belle is at present visiting the Quaker City.

PHILADELPHIA, 2-24-'84.

### Virginia Institution.

On Friday, February 18th, the pupils of the Deaf-Mute Department of the Virginia Institution, gave a public pantomime exhibition in the chapel of the Institution, which was very well attended, although there was a concert at the Opera House in the city, given by a distinguished violinist. The performance was excellent, and a number of those who were present (who ought to be good judges) say that it was superior to anything of the kind they have ever seen. Good music was highly enjoyed by all who were present, and reflects the utmost credit upon all who were connected with it. The affair was under the direction of Mr. J. W. Michaels, one of the deaf-mute teachers. He expects to have another in the near future. The *Staunton Spectator* says: "The entertainment was quite enjoyable. The audience was large, and seemed to enjoy the antics of the clown, Master Robert L. Chiles, of Richmond, a pupil, who for an amateur is passing good. All concerned played their parts well, and we think Mr. John W. Michaels deserves great credit for his untiring efforts in the arrangement and perfection of the entertainment."

## BROOKLYN.

For a Free Bridge.

### NEW YORK NOTES.

The attractions at the meeting of the Brooklyn Society last Wednesday evening, was the discussion of a question which has set the City of Churches by the ears for the past six months.

The "Great East River Bridge," the wonder and admiration of the civilized world, is dear to every Brooklyn heart, more especially so during foggy weather, such as experienced a short time ago, or when the river is jammed with ice; then the Brooklynite, as he sits in handsome cars and is whirled safely and swiftly across, thinks the bridge is dirt cheap at \$15,000,000. Yet it was hardly finished before a howl went up from the local press that it should be a free bridge in every respect; but Mayor Low, in his last message, contended that as the income from the tolls collected barely covered expenses, and that as the city had to put into a sinking fund the sum of \$750,000 a year, it would be unwise to make the bridge free, as its keep and other expenses would have to be made up by additional taxation.

Such reasoning, however, did not satisfy the mute society, so they took up the question and vehemently discussed it for about one hour. Those who took part in the debate, made many good points, and proved they were newspaper readers and well informed as to correct events of the times. As to the merits of the question, these was found upon a ballot being taken an equal division, so the President cast the deciding vote in the affirmative. Immediately the news was publicly whispered to the Mayor, who at once put on his thinking cap and got on the ragged edge of doubt, where he is believed to remain ever since. Taken all in all, the young society has reason to feel proud of the manner in which the first debate passed off. May its future literary exercises always be as interesting and instructive, is the wish of "Richelieu."

Business was now in order. The secretary read a communication from a member, who, for various reasons, desired to resign. When he had finished, the letter was dissected, its impudence shown, and on motion it was almost unanimously voted that it be returned to the writer as insulting to the society, with the further information that he was largely in arrears for dues.

A member now advocated a change in the by-laws, so that visitors from a distance could attend the meetings of the society free of charge. At present, all non-members are charged an uniform price of ten cents. Immediately a small hurricane arose; members were on their feet in an instant, good naturedly striving for recognition; when one had finished his remarks, another took his place, and the question was discussed for quite a while. Finally, on a vote being taken, eight members were found to be willing to admit visitors from out of town, free of charge, while fourteen were not. It matters not who the person is, or what his or her calling may be, if they desire to attend the meetings of this society, they must pay the same price as the man who lives next door.

The Secretary read a note from Mr. Henry Howell, who desires to join the society. He was unanimously elected. Mr. Howell is a book-binder by trade. He is employed at Appleton's big establishment, and is said to be an excellent workman, and is a credit to our class of people.

Among the many present were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lyng, Mr. and Mrs. Swartz, Mrs. J. P. Jjams and Miss Georgie Everest, Mr. and Mrs. Juh-ring, Miss Streiner, Mrs. W. G. Pownall, Messrs. E. Smith, A. Dezen-dorf, "Verdant" Green, Richard Gillen, R. Patterson, and others.

NEW YORK.

A debate took place before the Manhattan Literary Association last Thursday evening, the question being whether the army or navy contributed most to the security of a nation. It was handled in a lively manner. Both sides did well; therefore praise to either would be out of place. The vote proved a decided "Waterloo" for the affirmative.

A special business meeting followed, at which non-members were not allowed to remain. The chairman of the late levee of the association was to have explained his report, but he being absent it went over for future action. Other business of no interest to any but members was transacted, and adjournment took place at half past ten.

During the evening, President Wilkinson conducted affairs with dignity and impartiality that not only surprised but delighted the writer, and we here accord him praise. Would that he could always have done so, but in justice to Wilkinson and the reader of the JOURNAL, we could not. His advisers on many occasions have endeavored, and at times have succeeded in using the association for their own base ends. Perhaps the president was not aware of their "little game." In that case he is pardonable, and our criticism of him was rather harsh.

In a certain sense Mr. Wilkinson is a public man, and as such we considered him in our recent articles, and according to a learned jurist, such people "must not be too thin skinned in reference to comments made upon

them. \* \* \* \* They must bear with them, because all know that the criticism of the press is the best security for the proper discharge of public duties."

NOTES.

Mr. John P. Ijams, who has held the position of treasurer of the Manhattan Literary Association for the past five years, and who declined a re-appointment, has been quite sick for the past month. It is hoped that John will soon be himself again.

What is the matter with the Secretary of the Brooklyn Society? His notice in the "Directory" does not tell the public what sort of society it is, nor that non-members are charged a small price for admission.

It is said that Mr. and Mrs. John A. Dunlap, of Jersey City, will move to Brooklyn in the spring. So will Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, of New York.

Mr. E. Basch, whose appointment by the trustees as Treasurer of the Manhattan Literary Association, was unanimously approved by the members, says he has forwarded his resignation as such to Dr. Gallaudet as he desires to devote his time to other purposes. Mr. S. M. Brown is well thought of for the position, while Adolph Ekardt would make a capital treasurer.

It is curious that no notice of the meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers next Tuesday evening, appeared in last week's JOURNAL. What is the matter?

There was a pretty large congregation at St. Ann's Church yesterday afternoon. The Bible Class of deaf-mutes, which assembles immediately after the service, was also well attended.

Lincoln Smith, Warren Co., Pa., is in town, and expects to remain some time. He is learning to be a crayon artist.

Charles O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y., accompanied by Miss Florence H. Jones, was at St. Ann's Church yesterday.

Joseph Barthi, of Philadelphia is often seen in Gotham nowadays. He was at St. Ann's Church on Sunday, accompanied by a charming Harlem belle.

A number of ladies, of Harlem, among whom is Mrs. Hattie Bailey, to whose exertions the success of the Guild of Silent Workers' last reception was principally due, desire the immediate reorganization of the Twilight Union.

It is said that Miss Mary Rogers, of Brooklyn, will be married in April, to a German mute living in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Fersenheim, will shortly remove to New York City.

RICHELIEU.

Feb. 25, '84.

### AMONG THE DEAF AND NUMB.

INTERESTING VISIT BY A LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE TO THE SCHOOL AT FREDERICK.

FREDERICK, Md., Feb. 22.—The legislative committee on public institutions, comprising Delegates Offutt, chairman; Virtue, McCusker, Greaves, Clark, Keller, Speicher, Morrison and Keefe, and Senators Mearns, Warfield, Allen and Bowles, paid a visit to the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb here to-day. They were met and shown through the institution by Wm. R. Barry, vice-president; John H. Williams, treasurer; H. Clay Nail, secretary; Dr. Fairfax Schley and W. H. Falconer, of the executive committee, and George Markell, of the board of visitors, and Prof. Chas. W. Ely, principal.



# COLUMBUS.

## TRUSTEES' MEETING.

### Washington's Birthday.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

The past week has been an eventful one—three distinct happenings in the drama of events—the shocking death of a deaf-mute, a ripple of excitement caused by the resignation of Steward George W. Wakefield, and a successful observance of Washington's birthday.

Hereby we present the report of the proceedings of our new Board of Trustees, as gathered from the *Dispatch* and the *Times*, of this city, and mixed up so as to get them in full, and good reading shape.

"The Trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Institution were in session this morning, all the members being present, as follows: Dr. James Scott, of Warren; General W. S. Jones, of Pike; Dr. C. H. Finch, of Scioto; J. S. Hare, of Wyandot, and Col. Samuel Thompson, of Franklin. The last two are new members of the Board, appointed by Governor Hoadly, to take the places of Messrs. Moss and Sessions, resigned, and their appointment changes the political complexion of the Board, the majority being Democrats. The Board organized by electing Dr. Finch, President. The pay-roll and accounts of the Steward for the past month were examined and approved."

"Mr. G. W. Wakefield, who has faithfully performed the duties of the institution for some years, tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the Trustees. Mr. William H. Williams, a Democrat, of Portsmouth, was elected to fill the vacancy, and will enter upon the discharge of his duties April 15th. There were four written applications filed by the following gentlemen: Wm. H. Williams, of Portsmouth; D. M. Brelsford, of Portsmouth; Peter Baker and Charles Palmer, of this city. Mr. Williams was elected on the first ballot, receiving three votes. The vote stood—Williams 3, Palmer 1, Baker 1. Mr. Thompson voted for Mr. Palmer, and Dr. Scott for Mr. Baker, the other three members voting for Mr. Williams. The election was at once made unanimous. Numerous other applications for minor positions were on file, and it was the intention to consider them at this meeting, but for some reason they were postponed until the next session, which will be held March 18th. The time of meeting was changed from 7:30 o'clock in the evening to 9 o'clock in the morning to accommodate Mr. Thompson, whose time is engaged at the hour. A member of the Board stated that no change will be made in the teachers of the institution until the end of the year at least, and probably not then, unless such should be deemed necessary for the good of the institution."

"The Steward-elect, Mr. W. H. Williams, of Portsmouth, or perhaps better known as "Billy" Williams, for four years proprietor of the Biggs House, in that city, is one of the most popular young Democrats in Scioto county, and in every way fitted for the place. He has had an experience of nearly fifteen years in the hotel trade, and will bring to the Stewardship a thorough understanding of the wants of the position. We make the prediction that he will make his mark as the Steward of such an extensive institution as the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The Board has done well, and time will confirm the wisdom of their selection."

Miss Blanche Filler has recovered from a week's illness, and resumed her rank in the corps of teachers here.

Mr. Jacob Shoop, of Delaware, O., observed Washington's Birthday by paying a short visit to his *Alma Mater*. He has reached the handsome portly proportions of an Alderman.

We have a new visitors' attendant in the person of Mrs. Howard, a young widow, this new order shifting Miss Eva Smith into the position of Secretary to the Superintendent for the present.

The funeral of James Chadwick, who was run down and killed by a Sunday afternoon train, four miles out near the new County Infirmary, of which he was then still an inmate, in the southeastern part of this city, took place on Tuesday afternoon last week, at the residence of his married sister on Oak street, a little way northwest from the institution. Then Dr. Gladden conducted, and superintendent Pratt interpreted the last rites before a limited number of attendants around the rich casket of the poor dead. This over, the pall-bearers, Messrs. Scott, Dandon, Green and King, with two others (speaking), conveyed the en-cased remains to the hearse in waiting and thence to the Greenlawn Cemetery, it was laid in its resting place beneath the green sod. On his career in this world, but little light can be thrown; those who knew the man, speak of him as having led an aimless and shiftless life, without contracting any bad habits. Chadwick had spent the last day with the deaf-mute family of Mr. Rankin on Seventh street, was returning and quite near the place of his winter quarters, when the terrible and fatal accident overtook him. Mr. Filler, formerly Steward at the institution, but now Superintendent of the New Infirmary, with his family—among whom was one of our teachers, Miss Blanche F., daughter of the Superintendent—sit-

ting around the supper table, heard an unnatural long and loud whistle full of earnest warning, and all at once rising, witnessed from their window the fearful instant death of poor Chadwick.

Father Flenniken in company with Messrs. Grisby and Pier, varied the observance of Washington's birthday with a visit to the Ohio State Penitentiary. Mr. Flenniken has spent a week in Columbus, enjoying himself as well as recuperating his health. He left on Saturday last, for his home in West Jefferson.

Manley (colored), of the 5th and Louis Schevenger of the 4th Grammar Classes, have gone home—the former on account of the dangerous illness of a sister, and the latter because of poor health and homesickness.

The nation's happy day—the anniversary of Washington's birthday, was welcomed in the ever-recurring manner of a holiday. This year the day was to be crowned in its observance with an evening entertainment. The orchestra was filled to overflowing, and before the curtain rose, we all were happily greeted with a miniature of the great, patriotic Washington, in the person of little Seldon, a five years old son of the superintendent, who was born on the same day, and mounting upon the stage, dressed in a very pretty, true Washington style of the old times, he cut, with his profound bow, an attractive and very winning figure, that won the lovely admiration of every one. At a quarter past seven the rising of the curtain announced the programme. First in order, a drama entitled, "An Angel in an Ulster," a story written by Rev. Washington Gladden, with the following characters. Mr. Haliburton Todd, by Robert P. McGregor; Capt. Johnson, Edward J. Scott; Mrs. Johnson, Miss Ella Grigsby; Ruby and Ben, their children, Mamie Rutter and David Jones. Rev. John Robinson Brown, A. H. Schory, Showman. M. G. Rafington, and Irishman, P. P. Pratt, which made up twelve scenes. Between the sixth and seventh, it was broken for a little relieving variety,—a Recitation, Washington crossing the Delaware. The second order on the programme was a laughable farce entitled "The Tribulations of a Deaf Artist," gone through by the following: A. H. Schory, Artist; P. P. Pratt, farmer; Miss Maggie Moore, his wife; Mamie Rutter and David Jones, school children, and R. P. McGregor, the next man. The parts in the whole entertainment that took the most, were the scenes in which were enacted, the Balloon Ascent and Descent, Washington crossing the Delaware, Mrs. Jarley's wax work exhibition, and the artist's drawings of Ball Run. Altogether, we second the declaration of the *Columbus Journal* reporter, that it was "one of the most successful and enjoyable entertainments of the season." The Committee, who worked so hard to please and succeeded so well, consisted of R. P. McGregor, Ed. J. Scott, A. B. Greener, and Misses Blanche Filler and Mary Rose.

Members of the Lower House, to the number of twelve distinguished men, filled in half an hour after its opening and enjoyed the treat with evident delight. Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Waite, the latter speaking lady, with their child, were among the many present. Mr. Waite is a clerk in the Franklin County office. Dr. A. G. Byers and Mr. M. G. Rafington appeared by name in the *Sunday News* as contributors of five dollars each to the flood sufferers. Miss F. G. Camp spent three days at Newark, Ohio, returning on Monday last to keep school here again. Our fire-brigade gave an exhibition of their skill on Washington's birthday. A good sized lard-oiled barrel was placed in the girls yard northwest, and a fire was started. Then an alarm was "sounded." Slipping on their rubber outfits they were out in a moment rounding several corners, and reaching the spot with astonishing quickness. Our boys let on water in a manner that made Captain Flenniken stand two or three inches taller, and his long and powerful arms emphasized "Well done, handsomely, boys."

The old house in which General Grant was born, at Mt. Pleasant Ohio, was nearly carried away by the late flood. Mountain, Morris and Dundon, will take turns in left field this season. They are all good fielders, and there is an additional advantage in having two pitchers in the nine. Morris is also a fine catcher, last year being his first season as a pitcher. It is claimed that there is not a better thrower in the Association. They all hold first base, when he is behind the bat. He throws the ball like a shot. Dundon has given up his place at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and gone into practice with the "boys."—*Sunday News*.

In speaking of the southern cyclone, a telegraphic dispatch had the following: "In Cave Springs, Ga., great loss of life is reported. The State Deaf and Dumb Institute is located at this place, and the terror of the inmates was pitiful to see." How we dread the time that will soon bring pangs of regret when Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield shall take leave of the institution. Daily associations for so many years made respect and love take root deep in the hearts of not a few. The new comer, so highly spoken of, the hand of welcome is extended, with the hope that they may fill largely and in time fully the void created by the change.

NUMBER SEVENTY-SEVEN.

Take the JOURNAL—\$1.50 a Year.

### A Pleasant Evening in Melrose, N. Y.

A select party of friends numbering about thirty assembled at Mr. T. Witt's in 157th St., New York, on Saturday evening, at 8 p.m., and proceeded to the residence of Mr. William Sweeney, in the same street, where his only daughter, Lavinia Elizabeth, was pleasantly surprised on her 18th birthday.

Music was furnished in several pieces and dancing was indulged in until 12 p.m., when a sumptuous supper was partaken of. Upon returning to the parlors, Miss S. H. McGrath, the young lady friend of William R. Sweeney, the oldest son, sang some of Milliards songs and with great taste, and other young ladies in turn, and games followed.

The presents were numerous and very handsome, some of which we will name.

Set of jewelry from her parents, half-dozen silver napkin holders, one ornamented silver napkin holder, a toilet set in a handsome plush box, two handsome autographs, one large scrap book and cards, one large bottle of Cologne, and two bottles in shape of pitchers with Cologne, and several other small presents and birthday cards.

The guests who were present could all speak and hear, except Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney, who enjoyed themselves as much as the rest. During the evening, the guests seemed to have established a joyous rivalry—between the graceful dance, the instrumental strains and the vocal offerings of highly cultivated voices, away along until the crimson streaks in the East spoke of the dawn of another day, and hinted to the guests that all pleasures must have an end, though their memory may be a continuance of the feast so heartily enjoyed.

ONE OF THE GUESTS.

### Pittsburg, Pa.

What were the prospects of the flood which occurred on February 6th? The mighty monster ruined the properties of two cities. Warm weather loosed the frosty grip, and rain came down as through a sieve, and both rivers rose highly, so that low Allegheny City suffered worse than Pittsburg. In the lower streets, people had to travel in boats about the flood.

Some heads of lamp-posts kept above it. When the river decreased, the fire brigades pumped the water out of cellars, and a large number of workmen repaired the damaged railroads, before the trains commenced to run, in a few days. There is no more flood that can frighten us.

Mr. L. Euler has not been to work since November, he expects to start at Homestead steel works in March.

Mr. H. C. Nieman is a sober and industrious tanner.

A MEMBER.

### NASHUA, N. H.

Varnum B. Wright attended the levee held at Lowell, Mass., on the 21st, and enjoyed it very much.

Mrs. John Clark died of rheumatism on the 19th of January. She was a graduate of the Hartford School and was 72 years old at the time of her death. Her deaf-mute friend, Grati Dennison, of Vermont, mourns her loss.

A few deaf-mutes attended the "Humpty Dumpty" performance given lately in Nashua.

A friend of Frank Damon received a letter from him from Florida, in which he says he is having fine times. He will build a house of palm-leaf for his brother, and in April or May will return to Nashua. He reports having seen plenty of snakes and alligators.

### St. Ann's Deaf-Mute Bible Class Building Fund for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

BULLETIN NO. 10.		
Jan. 27th, E. McConville, -	\$2 40	
" " H. Ryer, -	2 00	
" " H. Ryer, -	2 00	
Feb. 3th, Mrs. F. Stratton, -	5 65	
" 10th, Jacob Swartz, -	3 70	
" " Miss E. Woodworth, -	7 00	
" " H. Ryer, -	3 00	
" 12th, J. W. Pratt, -	2 00	
" " Mrs. J. W. Pratt, -	5 20	
" 24th, Jacob Swartz, -	5 80	
" " Mrs. Stratton, -	2 00	
" " Mrs. Ryer, -	5 70	
The Fund now amounts to -	\$576 00	

CLEMENT R. THOMSON.

22 E. 21 St.

Secretary and Treasurer of St. Ann's Deaf-Mute Bible Class Building Fund.

### A Young Deaf-Mute Astray.

Manchester, N. H., Union, Feb. 6, 1884.

Last evening a fourteen-year-old lad, wearing a fearful countenance and carrying a heavy valise, was seen wandering around the railroad station, evidently in a state of perplexity as to where he was or whether he was going. Officer Bean accosted him, and discovering that he could neither hear nor speak, and was unfamiliar with the deaf and dumb alphabet, he took him to the police station and made him as comfortable as possible in an unlocked cell, for the night. This morning the boy has been visited by many persons for purposes of identification, but his inability to communicate his thoughts except by signs, of his own invention, and far too complex to be clearly understood, he has thus baffled all efforts to aid him on his journey. He is a bright little fellow, with a very intelligent face and is evidently confused at the peculiarity of his position and unfamiliar surroundings.

LATER.

The stray deaf and dumb boy who was found at the railroad station on Tuesday night, has, by Father Chevalier's direction, been removed to the apartments of Nuban Bebrana in Connor's block. A subscription is being raised by the French Catholics with which to purchase passage for the boy to Montreal, Ca., for which city he will start on this evening's express train. Father Chevalier has put himself in communication with the managers of the deaf and dumb asylum at that place, where the boy will be placed on his arrival there. It has been learned that the unfortunate lad is an orphan and without relatives.

### CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE.

The Mute Circle is hereafter to hold regular lecture meetings at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, on the first and third Thursdays, instead of Wednesdays. The Mute Circle met at the above named place on the evening of January 3d, to listen to a lecture on "Colors in Nature," delivered by Mr. Lars M. Larson. The audience was much pleased with it, and they obtained new ideas about the varied colors caused in nature for usefulness, beauty and pleasure. After the lecture, the letters from the Anderson Deaf-Mute Society, of Cincinnati, O., and the Manhattan Literary Association, of New York City, were read, saying that they sent their Christmas and New Year's greetings to the Circle, with the best wishes for their future joy and prosperity. The Circle then remained an hour to have a social chat.

On the following Sunday, January 13th, the Circle met again to hear a sermon on the "Value of Friendship," given by Mr. Lars M. Larson.

The Mute Circle again held a regular lecture meeting on Thursday evening, January 17th. Another lecture on "The Ultimate end of Ambition," was given by Matthew Mullen, who was educated at the school for the deaf at Columbus, Ohio. The circle considered it a very good and interesting one. The letters from the Deaf-Mute Club, of St. Louis, Mo., and the deaf-mutes of Boston, Mass., were read announcing that they all sent the Circle congratulations on its success in all connected at the late Grand Levee. After a social time, the meeting broke up at the usual hour.

The Mute Circle assembled at Farwell Hall Building, Sunday afternoon, January 27th, at 3 o'clock. Edward P. Holmes addressed the meeting over an hour, and gave accounts about the creation of the world, and the deeds of the first created human beings. His subject was the first verse of the first chapter in the Bible. After a social stay, the Circle adjourned.

At seven o'clock A.M., February 7th, E. P. Holmes spoke of the life and military exploits of "Theresa Satter" in France, in the days of Napoleon I. After the lecture was over, Mrs. Belle E. Larson gave out the leap-year party notes, and also a brief account of her late summer trip in Wisconsin. These speeches pleased the Circle. Then the meeting broke up a little earlier than usual.

On Sunday afternoon of February 10th, there was an hour's sermon on "True Women," delivered by L. M. Larson. His address was of great interest to the audience. Then the Circle stayed socially till it got dark and adjourned.

Of late the daily city papers have published more new things expressing different opinions and notes of interest about the Schools for the deaf. Prof. Bell's articles about the modes of life of deaf-mutes in this city, and other things connected with the deaf, have appeared.

The Mute Circle gave a "New Year's Pound Party" at Mr. S. Norris' house, on the evening of January 26th. A goodly number of silent people were present. Various social amusements were indulged in, and excellent refreshments served, consisting of mixed candy, figs, dates, oranges, cakes, cookies, sandwiches, nuts, coffee, lemonade, etc. These things were all brought to the party in pound packages. This was a successful and pleasant affair, but a small keg of beer was conveyed secretly to the party by a German mute like a fox. Some did not accept such drinks, while others did.

The committee on monthly soirees of the circle have suspended their February soiree, as the silent ladies of this city started a St. Valentine Leap Year Party of their own. The party took place at the residence of Miss A. Skinner's sister last Saturday evening. The gentlemen invited by the ladies, had the pleasure of being present there. Good games were played by all, and also the guessing 'out of the number of beans in a bottle, and a certain enigma, produced excitement in consequence of the prizes. Lars M. Larson won one prize in guessing the nearest number, and Jno. Cotton guessed the next nearest. After the beans were counted, the ladies decided in favor of L. Larson as the winner. The prize was a gent's pearl knife. William Gibney was the winner of the enigma with eight letters, to find the name of Garfield. The next contestant was his brother James. The prize was a fine scarf necktie. Some sorts of trickery, played out by Thomas Hogarth, of New Orleans, Louisiana, pleased the party. Then excellent refreshments voluntarily contributed by the ladies were served. It was a very enjoyable occurrence. Among those present was Collins Colby, of Detroit, Mich., besides the above named magician.

Prof. C. L. Williams, formerly teacher of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf at Delavan, and lately a principal of the Texas School at Austin, was seen here lately. A rumor which had spread that he was shot dead in Texas, proved untrue. He will travel again in the South, and his certain new business will be quartered in Arkansas.

I. Blood, of this city, spent a few days with his mother in South Bend, Ind., last week. He returned home well pleased with this visit.

Thos. Hogarth is now doing magic tricks in this city.

Collins Colby is here visiting the city for a fortnight. 2-18-'84.

### COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

#### The Obsequies of Mechanics.

#### THE ATHLETIC EXHIBITION.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Some three weeks ago, as we remarked in a former letter, Mechanics, the last scion of "the great family of Matthew Maticks," as "Josh Billings" has it, with whom '85 had to contend, quietly turned in his toes and left for that undiscovered country from whose bourne no superannated text book ever returns, viz., the book shelf, and so the Juniors find themselves at that mournful (?) period of their College existence, when, like all Juniors who have gone before them, and who have successfully weathered the shoals and quicksands of the first term examination, they must bid farewell, a long farewell, to all their mathematical greatness.

The custom inaugurated last year, '84, of giving a fit public demonstration of the sorrow naturally felt on such an occasion, that is, of cremating the dear departed in effigy, was followed by '85, with all the latest improvements added thereto. Accordingly, on Saturday night last, the College halls presented an uncommon appearance of bustle and confusion, every student being bent on doing his share in assisting the sorrowing Juniors in their laudable purposes; each man dressing in mourning after the most approved Chinese fashion, in spotless night gowns, bed sheets and pillow cases. At nine o'clock, the body of the great defunct, lying in state, all lifeless, but beautiful in a black casket, was brought into the Lyceum, and placed upon the rostrum. Some one told us, he thought he detected a striking resemblance between its placid features and the classic face of our genial Professor of mathematics, but we suppose it must have been mere fancy. Be it as it may, though, the crowd was solemn enough. The Juniors, occupying seats of honor in front, kept their great steeple crowned head gear as a mark of respect, and fully alive to the greatness of their loss, made no effort to hide their feelings, but sobbed away regardless of *les convenances*, while the chief mourner was so overcome with grief that handkerchiefs were found ineffectual, and crash towels and a wash basin had to be brought into requisition to catch the tears that trickled down along both sides of his pallid nose. The somebody alluded to above, privately informed us that all this snuffling sounded most suspiciously like suppressed laughter, but in behalf of our weeping friends, we indignantly repelled the insinuation, and we suppose we were right. The orator of the evening, Davidson, '85, next stepped up to the rostrum, and with a visage as solemn as that of a boiled owl, and with eyes heavy with the half dozen cups of College tea he had gulped down to fortify his grief-stricken soul, delivered his eulogy, and if convulsed laughter, grinning and stamping are a sign of sorrow, he certainly succeeded in waking the company to marvelously open manifestations of their grief. Prof. Gordon, who was present, replied in a neat speech of condolence, alluding to the ancient anthropophagi, and other outlandish people, who made a grave for their dead enemies in their own stomachs, in order thus to incorporate their brave spirits with their own. He complimented the Juniors on their "new departure" from the old usage in first subduing the spirit, and then the body of their old foe. This over, the casket was raised on the shoulders of four stalwart Sophs, as active pall bearers, the Seniors walking by their side as honorary bearers, and preceded by the eulogist and chief mourners bearing torches, the solemn cortege filed out on the concrete, marching to the sobbing music of squeaking fish horns and mournful dish pans past College, Faculty and Gymnasium Rows, and then wound along in a ghostly line to the middle of the Campus where a huge funeral pile had been erected, on which they deposited their melancholy burden. That which the illustrious dead had prized best in life, a copy of his own mechanics, was then laid on his breast, and the torch was applied. The flames shot up in a ruddy blaze, and in the weird glare, the whole crowd joined hands, and executed a wild war dance, spectral red and green lights adding to the effect of the ghastly scene. We had here again to take up the cudgel for our woe-stricken friends, when that everlasting somebody again saw fit to make unfeeling allusions to sundry awful howls and yells that proceeded from their whirling ranks, and had to convince him that they were merely expressions of uncomfortable grief, and that when our boys make up their mind to hold a genuine old fashioned *raoke*, they can knock a Tammany organ clave or a Piji pow-wow all to smithereens. The mourners lingered until the "all that was mortal" was reduced to a glimmering heap of ashes, and each managed to secure one or more charred and blackened leaves of the text book, the Juniors intending to suitably frame theirs as precious relics of the "lamented great and good," as was done by '84 last year. The affair was a grand success, and not a whit behind '84's demonstration of last year. At all events, it will be long remembered by those who saw it.

THE GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

The grand event of the week was the athletic exhibition in the gym-

nasium, for which preparations had been going on for more than a month. Gymnasium Hall was tastefully arranged and brilliantly lighted for the occasion. Guests put in their appearance before 8 o'clock, and in half an hour the gallery was crowded with fair damsels, friends of the students, the ladies of the Green, the members of the Faculty and their families, and other invited guests, among them Congressman Kleiner, several of our *alumni*, and visitors from Baltimore and elsewhere. At 8:15, the students formed in line, and after a military salute, fell back, leaving squads A and B to show their skill at chest weights. This over, line was again formed, and after a brisk run around the hall, the dumb bells were taken up, and a beautiful drill given by the entire platoons in concert. It was really a fine sight, all the thirty men in line keeping time, and acting together in exact union like one great whole. The dumb bells were returned to their supports, and keeping time to the drum beat of Cloud, '86, the platoons performed the evolutions of the grand march, amid the applause of the spectators.

The contests for the prizes were now in order. First on the programme came the "pull-up," or tug-of-war, between singles, the contestants being Messrs. Lynch, Berg, Lyons and Boland. Both Lyons and Boland succumbed in the vigorous pull of Lynch and Berg, and thus left the issue between the latter two. The contest was exciting, but the avoidpoups of Lynch, heavier by thirty pounds than any other man in college, proved too much for the supple strength of his lighter adversary, and after a hard struggle he won both rounds, hearty applause greeting the efforts.

Messrs. Brookmire, Hanson and Hasenstab then stepped forward as contestants on the parallel bars, and for half an hour showed their prowess in swinging, pushing, lifting and vaulting, and though each of them did finely, Hanson's assiduous practice during the last four weeks, gave him an advantage he maintained to the last.

A boxing match with gloves between Messrs. Adams and Davidson came next, and showed these two to be as adept at the noble art of self-defense as any Johnny Sullivan of their weight and practice, and their exhibition was an agreeable feature of the evening. At the horizontal bar, Messrs. Berg, Brookmire and Hasenstab, presented themselves as contestants, but Brookmire soon retired having overstrained himself at the parallels, leaving the contest to Berg and Hasenstab. A variety of difficult feats were executed with creditable skill, and won much applause.

The Indian Clubs were then brought into requisition. Adams, '86, opening the contest. One unacquainted with the clubs would hardly think such a variety of graceful and difficult combinations as Mr. Adams exhibited could be executed with them, and his efforts won great applause. Messrs. Morrow and Dantzer followed, and did admirable work. At the rings, Brookmire shone without a rival, and left no doubt as to who would get the prize, though Hasenstab and Hyde came in for a fair share of applause. An exhibition of Indian club swinging in concert was then given by eight of the students, and was one of the finest features of the exhibition. At the ladders, Messrs. Brookmire, Bell, Marsh and Standacher presented themselves. Brookmire here again distanced all competitors, going up and down hand over hand with splendid ease.

Last came the tug of war for class championship.

The Juniors, Sophs, Freshmen and Ducks each put in a train of four men, '85's team consisting of Messrs. Davidson, Kerney, Morrow and Hasenstab; that of '86, of Messrs. Lynch, Hanson, Dantzer and Cloud; that of '87, of Messrs. Comstock, Cleary, Duncan and Lyons; and that of '88, of Messrs. Goldberg, Harah, Hyde and Boland. The Seniors were so badly crippled by the absence of their heaviest men, Messrs. Veditz and Haas, that being moreover reduced to three, they were practically out of the race, and did not enter. Each class entered into three contests with the others, of which '88 won three; '86, two; '85, one, and '87, none, thus leaving the championship to the class of '88.

The crowning event of the evening followed. The judges, Prof. Hotchkiss, and Messrs. Angel and Sansom, announced their decisions, and the prizes were awarded as follows:

Large silver-gilt cup, with frosted design, "Pull-up, 1st prize," etched in same, to Mr. Lynch, '86; silver-gilt cup, plain, with "Pull-up, 2nd prize," engraved on same, to Mr. Berg, '86; large silver-gilt card receiver with floral design, and bearing "Parallel bars, 1st prize," to Mr. Hanson, '86; silver-gilt cup, with a floral design and an engraved "Rings, 1st prize," to Mr. Brookmire, '85. Silver-headed bamboo cane, with "Horizontal bar, 1st prize," etched on top, to Mr. Hasenstab, '85. A pair of Indian clubs with metallic heads, bearing an engraved "Indian Clubs, 1st prize," to Mr. Adams, '86. A napkin ring of solid silver, with "Ladders, 1st prize," etched on it, to Mr. Brookmire, '85. Each of the fortunate athletes was greeted with hearty applause, as he stepped forward to receive the prize he had earned. It was eleven o'clock, when the guests dispersed, and every body voted the exhibition a complete success, regarding it as the best ever given in the gymnasium. The prize men are exhibiting their trophies in their rooms, and have every reason to

be proud of them, as they were well earned. Instructor Chickering has more than fulfilled his promise, the prizes being prizes, and handsome ones too. The judges, Prof. Hotchkiss, and Messrs. Angel and Sansom, were impartial, and their decisions were received with general satisfaction, while Captain Allabough, and his aids, the committee and the platoon commanders, deserve thanks for their efforts to make the exhibition a success.

Additional gas-jets were used in the Gym. on Thursday night.

The foot-ball team will have its photo taken on Saturday.

W. Marsh, '88's cannon, was one of the features of cremation night.

L. A. Palmer's father was a visitor at the College on Friday.

President Gallaudet is in Danville, Ky., to-day. He is expected home on Wednesday.

Goldberg, '88, is winning celebrity as a member of the feathered class. He received a letter the other day addressed: "Duck Isaac Goldberg."

Another leap year proposal has been received, this time from the West. Kerney, '85, is the afflicted.

Yesterday the birthday of the immortal George was observed as a holiday, and quietly enjoyed by the students, who were mostly content to rest on the laurels won the evening before. HARRY FIELDING.

Feb. 23, '84.

### Trenton Trifles.

On St. Valentine's Day, from the first appearance of Aurora's golden rays until the advent of the pale empress of the night, the one-absorbing thought and engrossing theme among the pupils was of those charming little missives called valentines, which, although centuries have passed since the interchange of them originated, have retained all the freshness and novelty of their early days. Rarely indeed if ever, has the postman's appearance been awaited with such eagerness as on this particular morning, and as if the fates were resolved on determining whether the rarest of virtues, "patience," was possessed by them, he was unusually late. It was fortunate for those turbulent youths and impetuous maidens that no austere preceptor witnessed the greeting tendered the unconscionable offender when at last espied coming slowly up the avenue, almost sinking beneath the burden of delicate embarrassments, the hopes and fears of others of which he had mercilessly been made the bearer on this day.

We will not describe the tableaux that followed the distribution of these visual revelations of Cupid, as they coaxed for our reticence, and although a girl, we can sometimes (?) keep a secret, though we fear "Chip" will receive our protestation doubtfully.

The mumps honored one of the girls with a visit a week or so ago, but took their adieu in a few days, as the warmth of the reception tendered them rendered the temperature of our atmosphere too cool to permit of their delicate sensibilities enduring an extended sojourn.

Last Friday afternoon, one of the lady teachers took her class for a promenade. As they passed through one of the principal streets, they were met by a body of young street urchins, who gazed in motionless astonishment at the girls as they conversed for a few moments, and then suddenly exclaimed, "There goes the Salvation Army." A little while after, the teacher noticed a commotion among her girls, and on enquiring the cause, found that several of these little street Arabs had sandwiched themselves in the procession. On her requesting them to withdraw, as their presence annoyed the girls, they replied with a surprised, frightened look: "Why we aren't doing nothing," and with ruthless glances at their betrayers, turned reluctantly away.

Mr. Montgomery, a member of the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia Institution, was among our visitors of last week.

The uncle of Ella Eckel called to bid her farewell Wednesday, previous to his departure for the South.

Ada Van Ness is spending a few days at her home in Newark.

Mrs. R. B. Lloyd expects to pass the 22d at Fanwood, with her friend, Miss Myra L. Barrager.

Miss Howard will be at her home, in Gotham, during the latter part of this week.

Miss Ella Dillingham is again in Trenton, with the gratification of her friends.

Mrs. Weston Jenkins will probably be in New York for a few days soon. The Trustee's Report is out. It is not a regular annual report, as it comprises only one month's account since school opened.

Feb. 18, '84.

RHEA.

### NOTICES.

Services for deaf-mutes will be held in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, on Sunday, March 2d, at 12, Holy Communion, and 3 p.m. The latter will be conducted by Mr. William Bailey, of Beverly.

Deaf-mutes of Albany and Troy and adjacent towns, desiring confirmation, will have the opportunity in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday, April 6th, at 7:30 p.m. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will act as interpreter for Bishop Doane. There will be a sign-service in St. Paul's on that day at 3 p.m., at which deaf-mutes can be baptized.



# FANWOOD.

Halls Re-echoing with Merry Laughter.

## PRINCE CARNIVAL IN JOYOUS MOOD.

Washington Honored in the Language of Silence.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Holidays are a blessing to toiling mankind. They rest the mind as well as the body, promoting activity of the former and vigor of the latter. National holidays are generally appreciated the most. They serve to keep alive feelings of patriotism and fraternal love, and lead the thoughts from worldly strife and discord to peace and good will.

Among the pupils at Fanwood, Washington's Birthday may justly be called the most enjoyable of all holidays of a public character. Aside from the welcome respite which it brings from educational and industrial duties, it is characterized by affairs both pleasant and profitable in their nature. The oft-repeated historical events clustering about the name and fame of the immortal George are related to the pupils, who assemble in the chapel during the morning. The soul-thrilling hatchet story, with appropriate embellishments, is here repeated, and the moral made obvious to all, and patriotic songs and anthems, which cause one's blood to tingle, are sung on the fingers of a choir of young ladies.

An amusing feature of the exercises this year, was the recitation, in concerted signs, of the world renowned "Yankee Doodle," by the fair lady members of the Jam Club. The adherents of this purely feminine organization were attired in costumes favoring of the historical days of '76, when dresses were constructed on principles of comfort and the reign of the bustle had not commenced. Powdered hair was the chief ingredient in the toilettes of the Jamites, who, as they surrounded a large jar labelled "Jam" on the platform, indicated by every outward token that the sweets of the compound had entered into their systems. The song was caroled in a highly edifying style, provoking bursts of prolonged laughter at frequent intervals. This pleasing feature originated in the fertile brain of Miss Ida Montgomery, who, on occasions not a few, has contributed to the merriment of our pupils.

But, however enjoyable and entertaining these chapel exercises may have been, they were by no means the principal events which served to make the day memorable in the annals of the school. For the past two months or more, the bustle of preparation had been heard in the land. Especially was this true in the apartments of the young ladies, who were occupied with gusset, seam and band during every available spare moment. The room of Miss Caroline Virginia Hagadorn, in particular, was the centre of activity, being in fact the headquarters for all those who desired to be rigged out in proper attire for the masquerade, which took place that evening.

Visitors began to arrive during the early hours of the afternoon, and at 7 p.m., the parlors presented an unusual scene, being crowded by persons of various conditions of life, all apparently in a happy frame of mind. At this hour, the participants in the masquerade paired off by twos, in the main hall, and slowly filed into the girls' sitting room, where the bulk of the pupils and spectators were assembled. When the order came to unmask, about half an hour later, were enabled to learn the names of personified and personators.

The procession was headed by two maidens, Tommy Carson and Edith Gray, representing General and Lady Washington. A more attractive little couple had been difficult to find. They were dressed in nativity costumes, appropriate to the occasion, and attracted considerable attention. Walter L. Bingham, as Uncle Sam, led them by each hand.

They were followed by a company called the "Home Guards," who displayed considerable solicitude for the welfare of their distinguished charges, and looked neither to the right nor to the left as they marched with regular step and slow around the apartment. This was composed of Misses Kate Hunt, Fanny Gorth, Martha Hamilton, Katie Logue, Amelia Antonech, Bertha Peterson, Almida Antonech and Martha Hasty, who were permitted to distinguish themselves in this connection.

We have seen Jockeys of different nationalities, creeds and temperaments, and under a variety of circumstances, but never a more modest and lovely one than Minnie Flint, as she airy skipped here and there among the assemblage.

Beauty of form, combined with gracefulness of movement, contributed largely to the immense success of Miss George Decker as "Pinafore." The attractiveness of Miss George Decker was disguised in the costume of a sea captain's wife, and she admirably upheld the dignity of the President of the Jam Club.

A bewitching combination of white puffs, bows and other thing-um-bobs; first on one foot, and then on the other, she was made aware that Isabella S. Van Varick was a fairy. The disguise was unnecessary. She is a fairy under all circumstances.

A negro lady, an "I," probably would have sang Jessie Ackermann, who had possessed the power of speech, but being a strong advocate of the sign-method, no vocal melody disturbed the meditations of—

Rachel Gaudin, a tall, dusky Indian daughter, whose stately tread and dignified mien contrasted strangely with those about her.

Those who saw Ma. Bella Fisher, as Little Bo-Peep, will never forget the picture she presented. "Oh, would I were a sheep," sighed a deaf-mute visitor from the city.

Mr. Bruthi, of Philadelphia, who was present, was captivated by Lady of the Sixteenth century, who wore a beautiful costume. This was Miss Hattie Trout, of the culinary department.

Scotland was brilliantly represented by Misses Agnes Craig and Daisy Hollister, two young ladies whose love of country is ever uppermost in their thoughts.

A little damsel attired in pink, carrying in her hand a basket of flowers, was sufficient to

demonstrate the character personated by lovely Emma Rapp.

Mary Long was the best Circassian girl we ever had the good fortune to see.

May Martin, as Princess Carnival, drew the soul through the eyes of at least one male spectator.

Probably the most frolicsome of all the gay assemblage was Cora Moon, alias Goody-Two-Shoes. She actually danced every body into an ecstasy of delight.

Winifred Sitterly's mind always dwells on things peculiar. Her Snow Witch costume was peculiar, and her peculiarities were also noticeable in her daughter, Emily Wale, who hugged to her bosom a skinny goose that looked peculiarly peculiar in its peculiarities.

A beautiful bouquet of beauty consisted of Martha Ray, water Lily; Mamie Woyant, pansy; Myra Crook, wild rose; Myra Barrager, scarlet geranium; Edna McClurg, sunflower, and Frankie Hawkins, violet. A more perfect combination of animated loveliness never graced such an entertainment before.

France had a charming representative in Ida Atwell, as Court Lady.

Nellie Long, as Juliet, was hard to beat.

Mary Contrary was fittingly sustained by Annie Hineberg.

"This is a delightful and laughable event," signed Cora Flint; or Mrs. Partington.

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side of the Institution after March 1st. J. R. Dunlap, the deaf-mute hatter, of this city, presented the Institution with an assortment of boys' hats a few months ago.

Walter L. Bingham is in receipt of a pair of shoes, made by a pupil of the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. After careful examination, we do not hesitate to say that in general workmanship and nicety of finish they are equal to those sold by first class shoemakers of this city. A deaf-mute who can make a pair as well as these are made, need have no fear but what he can earn a comfortable livelihood upon graduation.

The Peet Literary Society bought a jar of jam which they presented to the Jam Club on Tuesday afternoon. The following note accompanied it:

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## Deaf-Mutes.

(From the Malone Palladium.)

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# A Long Way and Back Again.

BY "HOWARD GLYNDON."

I spent about one month in New Orleans, to some extent very pleasantly. It is not, however, a city which strikes you very favorably at first. It is such a patchwork of squalid and luxury, unsightly negro cabins, where small-pox harbors on the same block with showy residences set in gardens of flowering shrubs. And then the horrible green mould that settles on everything in outdoor corners where the sun cannot get, and the smell of mildew and damp in every room where there is not frequently a fire! The river being higher than the ground the city is built on, accounts for this. However this is the city proper. In what is called the garden district, everything breathes of sunshine and summer, and it is indeed a treat to ride through it. Its special charm is that of variety; no two houses or gardens being alike.

It was well worth a longer journey than that which I had taken to be in New Orleans during carnival season. The sight is truly a wonderful one, never to be forgotten. The thousands of strangers who pour into the city from all directions and crowd the promenade on Canal street, carnival afternoons; the gay-like processions by day and by night which pass amid such multitudes as I have never seen gathered elsewhere, lining the streets, the doors, windows, balconies, roofs and every available place for miles along the route. The numerous balls every night and the splendid winding up of it, all make it like an Arabian night's dream.

When this was over, I went by rail to Morgan City, formerly called Brasher City, until the Morgan R.R. made it a condition of buying the site of their buildings from the heirs of old Dr. Brasher that it should be called as above. It is beautifully situated on Berwick Bay, 25 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and is linked to its sister town, Berwick City, immediately opposite, by a fine railroad bridge. I think it has the finest situation for a city of any town in Louisiana, and certainly it would be in the shoes of New Orleans if the fitness of things were considered. After a most pleasant visit with friends at Morgan City, I took passage on a little freight steamer, and after seeing the celebrated Teche region, crossed two great "bayous," as these inland seas in the interior of Louisiana are called, and after nearly three days' steaming (the latter part of the trip up Bayou Vermilion being between banks so nearly meeting that if our lives had depended on it we couldn't possibly have turned around in the stream, as the boat would have struck lengthways between the two shores) we landed at Abbeville and were welcomed by friends. It is a little place in Vermilion Parish. Here, away up in the interior, was the place in which to see the real country life of the South. Here are the famous prairies, and savannahs of Louisiana, inhabited mostly by the descendants of the French Acadians who were driven out of Nova Scotia, or "lujins" as they are properly called, and French Creoles. I cannot stop to discuss the difference between "lujins" and creoles, but it is quite distinctly marked in every respect, even to the dialect spoken. I returned to New Orleans by rail through New Iberia and Franklin, two of the prettiest towns in this part of Louisiana. Of course we passed through many others of less note, but in these two only I stopped for a short time, in Franklin, accepting the hospitality of friends. Reaching New Orleans, I took a steamer across Lake Ponchartrain, a delightful sea trip, and up the Teche-functa River, which empties into the lake. This is one of the most beautiful rivers I ever saw. Its deep, deep waters, are like smooth green glass, and the most riotous foliage and shrubbery fringe it on either side. Farther back there are vast pine forests, for this is the turpentine region of Louisiana. My brother has his own landing on the river, and at his place, a quarter of a mile from the water, in the very heart of the pine forests, I passed delightful days that were like dreams. A place more entirely out of the world is not to be imagined. But all good things must come to an end, and so one morning early I was at the landing and signalled the little steamer, which we heard puffing and chugging just above, though concealed by a bend in the river. Back in New Orleans once more, we took tickets via the "great Jackson route," or Illinois Central, but this time for St. Louis. I am in doubt as to whether I should call the Illinois Central a well managed or a lucky road, but on reflection I think it is both. The pleasantest of conductors and porters on the sleeping car, and not the slightest incident to mar the pleasure and the safety of the trip—the shortest that could possibly be made between New Orleans and St. Louis, with not a single change during the two days and one night in the cars. Travelling could not be easier than this. The country through which the road passes to St. Louis is diversified and interesting, and everything is just right for the enjoyment of the round trip. I lived in St. Louis once, as a child and in early girlhood. I know its streets well. I grew up there, but the St. Louis of to-day is not the St. Louis that I lived in. That wonderful bridge has been built, over which you approach it, and its great depot makes you think you must be in the Grand Central depot at New York. During the month I spent there, I hunted vainly for old landmarks. The big "mound," from which the city takes its name of the "Mound city," the big mound which I have so often climbed, was gone. On every side the city had stretched itself

out. What were once its limits are now no longer recognizable, swallowed up in street on streets, of buildings stretching away into the distance. But in my time it was a clean city. Now it has become a great manufacturing town, a constant smoke cloud hangs over it, and is nearly as dingy as Pittsburgh. But it is a great city, and is constantly growing into wealth and in refinement. Too soon, indeed, the month among the kindest, most attentive friends was over, and I found myself standing on the deck of the steamboat City of St. Louis, of the St. Louis and New Orleans Anchor Line, waving adieu to my friends who stood upon the fast receding levee. The name, floating palace, never was so appropriately applied to anything that navigates the water. If you walked ten times from front to stern of the boat, you had walked a mile. She is ninety feet across.